Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt vpon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken knaue was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſte Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vſde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heeres them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life, then may ſuffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l haue fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then ile turne crauer too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle. But Maſter, Ile go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you ſir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is calle
And our King, the good *Sy*

Per. The good King *Syn*

1. I ſir, and he deſerues ſ
For his peaceable raigne, an

Per. He is a happy King,
His Subiects, the name of g
How farre is his Court diſt

1. Marry ſir, halfe a daies
faire daughter, and to mor
Princes and Knights come
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes eq
I could wiſh to make one th

1. O ſir, things muſt be as
cannot get, he may lawfully

Enter the two Fiſher-m

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe,
poore mans right in the la
on't, tis come at laſt, and tis t

Per. An Armour, friends,
Thankes Fortune, yet that a
Thou giueſt me ſomewhat t
And though it was mine ov
Which my dead father did b
With this ſtrict charge, euer
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath
Twixt me and death; and p
For that it ſaued me; keepe
The which the gods protect
It kept where I kept, I ſo de
Till the rough Seas (that ſp
Tooke it in rage, though cal
I thanke thee for't, my ſhipw
Since I haue here my fathers